THE AERONAUT.

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Mœstos inire modos. Boetius.

In mournful measures bid the numbers flow.

WE shall make no apology for introducing to the acquaintance of our readers some fragments from the writings of a young man, who, though unknown to the world as an author, yet possessed talents of a high order. His course was short though bright, transient though resplendent. He arose like the star of evening when the sun has withdrawn his beams, lovely &

transporting in its path, but soon to sink in darkness; casting its sweet & tender beams across the sky, and then withdrawing them from observation, before the eye has had time to gaze upon their loveliness. Destroyed by that fatal disorder, consumption, his lingering years of sorrow have ~~tinged~~ tinctured his writings with their gloom; which added to the natural pensiveness of his spirit has cast a shade of melancholy which it is painful to behold.

We are not permitted to state how the manuscripts came into our hands, nor to drop any further hints respecting their author. Let those who may suspect whose they are, conceal their suspicions, nor endeavor to trace the reasons for not publishing more concerning him. We shall give from time to time a few scattered fragments, taken from various parts of his writings. We may have importunate in our

selection; but we submit them as they are. The extracts in the present number are from a book in which he was accustomed to write down his thoughts & feelings, as impulse directed at the moment his heart or his fancy.

July 12, 1811.

"Perhaps I have been too sanguine. — The hopes I have entertained have not been well founded. The dreams of romancing youth have been too lovely for reality. It remains for dearly bought experience to teach us how we have been deluded by fantastic visions of futurity. Hope may cheer us on our course, but she is but a frail pilot. The rocks & shoals of life she warns us not to shun. The tempests that assail us she does not provide for against. We are wrecked on the very shores that seemed most lovely in their prospect; we are lost by the very means which we fondly deemed would ensure our success." —

August 20, 1811.

"Without the union of hearts, what were man? — A wild, a lawless savage, without principle of action, or joy of existence. The flame kindled at the altar of the heart burns pure and unalloyed. It lights our passage through this vale of tears, it cheers our pilgrimage through life's tempestuous road." —

December 27, 1811.

"I have seen her to day. She was pale, and emaciated. The destroyer seems to have planted his dart. When last I saw her, she was in the bloom of health and beauty; joy sparkled in her eye, and animation kindled on her cheek. But the brightest sky must be at some time clouded. The rose has faded on her cheek, and the violet of death is rising in its stead. Five short months have made a dreadful change. And is there no hope? xxxxx

January 2. 1812

xxxx She placed her hand in mine. It was icy cold. Its stillness

shot to my heart. With the other hand she pointed to heaven; but no sound lingered on her lips, no word murmured through that fearful stillness. As I gazed, the spark of life expired —"

January 4.

"I will not weep — the silent tear
That might lament the gentle dead
Would only stain that lowly bier
Where all I loved on earth is laid.

I will not weep — the starting eye
Would only mock that mournful scene:
No — I will strive to wile misery —
And struggle to appear serene.

But oh! if any ever loved
Like me — and felt a loss so deep —
Their souls my sorrow dark have proved,
And known 'tis worst of all to weep!

No — let this throbbing bosom break —
This throbbing heart its fibres burst!
But when shall light & lustre wake
To bless that heart in darkness nurst?

Oh! when my dust unconscious lies
Entomb'd with her, that dust shall be
A gift to grace her obsequies —
A monument of misery."—

May 30.

"I often wish, that the dark coloring which providence has cast over my life, were exchanged for one of brighter hue. But I feel a melancholy pleasure in grief, which I would not exchange for any thing earth can afford. There is a luxury in tears which joy itself cannot afford. There is a rapture in sorrow which terrestrial bliss fails of bestowing. Perhaps I ought not to indulge the feeling, but I seem to shrink from what is serene & calm & beautiful even in nature itself. The mountain dashed into every strange & awful form, has a greater charm to me than the verdant landscape. The storm of heaven, when the skies are wrapt in flame, & the ocean tost on high by contending elements, conveys an indefinable throb of pleasure. — But have I not to mourn over prospects blighted, over hopes disappointed, over expectations frustrated? All

that one I deemed should bless and embellish my existence, has departed. And can I be joyful? —"

December -

"They have told me I cannot live many months. I know many to whom this would be cruel tidings. I know many who would start and shudder at the thought of such certain death. But it is different with me. Life is stripped of its pleasures, & death affords a welcome relief from all the toils & bustle of life."

February 7, 1813.

"A new light has burst upon my soul. The kind visit I received yesterday from a pious clergyman has been the means of awakening my soul. I have been sleeping in the cup of corruption, in the fetters of sin. I have been ignorant of all that was pure, & good, and holy. I have breathed a tainted air; I have never known what it

was to have high and heavenly aspirations. God of mercy! may thy healing hand reclaim me to thy-=self and make me thine forever!"

Feb. 27.

"It is midnight. The moon is gliding along her course in calm & silent majesty. She completes her ~~course~~ journey undisturbed by the shadows that strive to darken her radiance. And has not the Psalmist beautifully compared the just man to the fair & lovely moon? Like her, he finishes his course rejoicing; like her, he shines with renovated glory when the storms & clouds have past."

March —

"A few more fleeting days perhaps, and the hurricane of life will be over. I have been again at the grave where rest the cold & senseless ashes of her I loved. I wept — for I can weep now. The fountains of my Eyes were

dried up, and my heart was sealed; but now I can feel the emotions of my nature again.

"Yes — I can weep, and weep softly and sweetly too. Yes — this seared and blighted heart and broken heart is one more capable of finer feeling. The billows of misfortune had nearly wrecked my bark; but there is a light — a bleped, a glorious light breaking from above; the morning star sparkling above the deep & purple clouds of morn." —

April 7.

Farewel to life.

Fond fleeting spark, why dost thou linger
Yet on thy failing way?
withdraw at last thy venturous finger,
The strings in ruin lay
Of that wild harp thou swept'st before —
And thou & it shall meet no more.

Farewel — sad days of hurrying pleasure,
Ye never cheer'd my soul!
Farewel, ye waves that without measure
Your waters dark did roll!
All — all are fading on my sight,
And heaven is bursting in its light.

Farewel, ye haunting dreams of sorrow,
Forever more, farewel!
The splendid visions of the morrow
Of you shall never tell –
The brightnep of expected bloom
Shall not be tarnished by your gloom.

Life – earth – mortality – adieu for ever
One long, one last adieu –
Ye shall distust this bosom never
In heaven's expanded view.–
But welcome death that opens wide
The flood-gates of the 'eternal tide!

April 9.

"Recapitulation of my life.

"One struggle more, and mortality & time shall cease to hold me. One struggle more, and the remembrance of the past shall shadow me no longer. I have lived a strange, a wayward life. My scene of existence has been decquered with many a various hue. I cannot recall the past with pleasure, because it has been mingled with so much grief; but it has been the bleped instrument of weaning

one from earth, and fixing my gaze on heaven. I began in apparent joy; but shall the mariner predict perpetual serenity when he embarks upon the ocean? I formed plans, and they were disappointed. I made friendships – they were blasted by the mildew of jealousy and of treachery. I loved – and I had to hang, a helpless mourner, over the grave of her who claimed my affection. Yet young, I have drank deep of the cup of affliction. Has earth then a charm for me? No.– welcome, thou great destroyer, for thou art my deliverer! welcome, sparkling skies, and choirs of holy angels! welcome, Comforter of the afflicted, and Father of the orphaned! "—

This appears to be the last that he wrote in ~~his~~ the book from which the above extracts are made. In the following week he

expired.

Fragments of a different nature to the foregoing, shall occupy another number. We judged it best to give the above extracts first, as they give a sort of outline of his life and character.

E.